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BEFORE THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

O hidden God, almighty Ruler thou!—

At thy permission lightning breathes his fire;

Thou clothest the thunder with terrific ire;

Before Thy throne the universe must bow.

The trembling cherubs reverence avow

As rings thy voice; in the infernal mire

It thunders forth, and lo! despair howls dire

And crouches ghastly on Hell's livid brow.

But here, imprisoned in a little Host,

Thy power lies captive to Thy love divine:

And here thy voice calls meek, when storms rage most

Upon life's sea, unto thy helping shrine;

But deafened sailors past the harbor coast,

For roaring billows drown that voice of Thine.

ALEXIUS A. SCHUETTE, '03.



TACT.

AMONG the many characteristics which tend to procure for a man power and influence in this world, none is more desirable and necessary than tact. The close competition in all fields of intellectual and commercial industry at the present time makes tact a characteristic which should be possessed by men in all avocations, and on this account we are desirous of knowing what accomplishments we must have in order to fulfill the duties of our station in life most ably and satisfactorily.

Tact may be defined as that ready power of mind which appreciates and knows what is required to be done under the existing circumstances. There is scarcely any place or occasion where tact cannot be practiced with good effect, but the first place where it should be exercised and where it finds one of its widest scopes is at the home. Indeed, every day by our comminglings among the young we see in many of them the superior training which they have received at home through the tact of their parents, which quality has guided them in the right path in bringing up their children. On the other hand, we notice many whose parents have not been gifted with tact, and hence they never knew what means the peculiar temperament and environment of their children required to be exercised in order to guide them securely through the dangerous and pliable days of youth. How often do we not hear it said of well known and respected parents that they have not the necessary tact to govern their children in a manner that will make them a credit to the family and worthy models for their neighbors. This want of tact in this particular regard may seem to some of minor importance, yet if we reflect but a moment

on the fact that there are many unhappy homes and wayward children therein, the cause of which is oftentimes owing to the fact that the parents have not used tact in training their children, then we will easily be convinced that this matter is of the utmost importance to the individual as well as to the nation at large.

It certainly must be granted that no one has more need of possessing tact than the teacher. Pedagogues all agree that the position of a teacher is, to say the least, a very trying one under the most favorable circumstances. Teaching is indeed an art, and one which calls into play the manifold gifts and faculties of the mind in a very striking manner, and surely among the qualifications of a teacher, tact is one of the most essential. This truth is one that can be noticed daily by every student in the class-room.

We know teachers of great and undoubted erudition who have been total failures in the class-room, and why? Undoubtedly because they do not possess the all-important qualification of a good teacher—tact. On the other hand, it is equally true that many teachers of fair talent and small erudition have attained great success in the school-room mainly because they were gifted intuitively with the happy faculty of knowing what means should be used in guiding the various pupils to attainments in the fields of knowledge. Hence the vast difference between the teacher who has tact and the one who is wanting in this quality.

We read a great deal about success in life to-day and we are told to 'get out and hustle', and by this means we will surely ascend the ladder of success. This is, indeed, a very good principle to follow, but if we do not use a little tact in connection with our thrift, we will never better our condition much. Read the life of any great man,

and examine the cause of his fame and influence, and you will in nearly every case find that one of the foremost reasons of his success was that he possessed the peculiar intuitive faculty of grasping the key to the situation, and then he concentrated all his energies in order to carry his plans into execution. This is the secret of success in any undertaking, and those men who have the peculiar power of knowing what action the circumstances of the case require to be done, these are the persons whom we find leading the famous institutions and gigantic industries of to-day. Again, if we have observed with a critical eye the progress of events in the world's history, we surely cannot have failed to notice the superior qualities that have perpetuated men's names in glory and gratitude to posterity, and with these men none of their qualities shone with brighter lustre than their tact. What is the cause of the extraordinary success and fame of that mighty conqueror and wise ruler, Napoleon Bonaparte? Every one who has read history knows how to account for it. It was principally owing to his tact, to his correct perception of what great promise the future held out to him. He saw the French nation on the verge of ruin, although France had a large and valiant army, but it was without a leader. "They need a leader," he said, and this sentiment was the inspiration of his entire career. By his tactful methods he succeeded in having himself declared commander-in-chief of the French army. Had not Napoleon possessed a surprising amount of tact, history would have very little indeed to record that is remarkable in the life of Napoleon, whereas we know that in truth few great men in any age have enjoyed such a glorious and illustrious career as Napoleon Bonaparte.

Whenever we read the life of Cardinal Riche-

lieu, the great Prime Minister, we certainly must picture to ourselves a man whose tact stands out alone when compared with his other excellent talents of government. He possessed talents in this line that certainly call for the unstinted praise of all nations. He seemed to know what measures were best adapted for the advancement of his country's interests, and he executed his designs with a tact and precision worthy of a truly great man.

Go into a city and take a glance at the various business and professional men of the municipality. You will come in contact with a great many men of nearly the same ability, but you will observe that these men of equal ability do not all obtain the same degree of fame, wealth and honor. And why is such the case? There are many reasons for such a state of affairs, and perhaps they may vary considerably, but every one must admit that in most cases it is owing to a lack of that power which clearly perceives the opportunity of gaining an advantage or seeing a much coveted place among their fellowmen, namely, tact. We often hear men say, "years ago I had the opportunity of obtaining this position, or, of doing this or that." When it was too late they saw their mistake, and to what was this mistake more owing than to a want of tact? And it is also an obvious fact that such persons who are wanting in tact to any great extent generally remain in the same condition year after year. Perhaps they may complain that the decrees of fate have been very severe on them, but whilst thus lamenting over their troubles, they have not that intuitive faculty of knowing wherein the trouble lies, and it is undoubtedly true that they are to blame themselves, for they do not know a good chance for promotion when they see it, and hence they remain 'in the same old rut' all their lives.

The man who is tactful and who uses this gift in the right direction is a much desired person in all walks of life, but especially in the learned professions. The professions are so crowded now-a-days that only those men who are well equipped in all the faculties that go to make a man useful and able, can expect to accomplish much in this progressive age, and certainly none of these faculties are more desirable than tact. A tactful man always knows exactly what the circumstances of the case require to be done, and therefore is the right man in the right place. In Congress many a wise and salutary law is passed through the tact of one of our legislators, which, if it were not for this quality, would be defeated by some selfish and biased individual. And again, in our foreign relations, what great disputes are not settled by our ambassadors and ministers through their diplomatic tact? A diplomat must of necessity be a tactician, though a tactician is not always a diplomat.

Tact must never be confounded with trickery. When we say that a person acts tactfully, we mean that he has accomplished something that is just, good, and true, and hence perfectly fit and desirable; but when a person uses his talents and quickness of perception to accomplish some evil design or fathom some unjust plan, then it is no longer tact, but trickery and hypocrisy that prompts his actions.

Such, in short, are a few observations on the value and necessity of tact. Its use is so general and wide-spread, and the scope of its influence so powerful, that its desirability manifests itself to all persons of a reasonable and conservative bent of mind. Though tact is a quality which few men possess in an eminent degree, still by firm endeavor and diligent efforts to become tactful, it can be

acquired to such an extent that we can discharge the manifold duties and requirements of our state in life in a manner that will be of a lasting satisfaction to ourselves, and at the same time gain for us the ready appreciation of our merits by others. Let us, therefore, spare no efforts to obtain this princely boon of tact, and bend submissively to its promptings, for it will not rest until it has secured for us benefits and distinctions of the highest type.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

THE CLOUD.

WHEN fiery arrows from Apollo's bow
Touch mother Earth and dry her humid veins,
When Notus fans her face with breath aglow,
And she is lab'ring in her fev'rish pains;
When all around a sultry stillness reigns,
And Nature's lips are parched with cruel thirst;
How happy Earth, when on the azure plains
Enshrouds the Sun a white robed cloud—the first
That sends her light-winged Shade to Earth whose heart is
burst.

Thus when temptations try the human heart,
When it is parched by bitter woe and grief;
When tricky Fate has buried in't her dart,
An honest friend, indeed, will bring relief.
He'll calm the heated brow—he'll not deceive,
But shield thee like a cloudlet's cooling shade.
O Friendship, e'er thy pleasant shadows weave,
Thou blessed, tender, sweet and heaven-born maid:
In sooth, for thee I yearn, when earthly comforts cease.

X. JAEGER, '03.

FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIV.

AS a person proceeds in the study of history and notes in general the events during the rise and fall of republics, monarchies, or empires, there is something which will inadvertently strike the individual mind in a peculiar way; and this is, how, when, and by what means these nations arose, flourished, and then fell. The attentive student will also notice that in proportion as a nation possesses a competent leader, the same will rise in power and greatness.

So it was with France under Louis XIV. Not to say, however, that this sovereign can be compared as a leader in military affairs to those great generals of ancient and more recent times. Still his military as well as his other christian virtues make Louis undoubtedly the most conspicuous sovereign of his age. There was something in the man that won the affection of his people, drew around him armies and illustrious generals, both courageous and ever faithful to their king when he was but a boy of five as well as when he was an aged man of seventy-seven.

Under the two previous reigns France, it is true, had gradually arisen from the ruins caused by her protracted civil and religious wars and was now in a recuperating condition and was ready for great achievements. This happy state of affairs had been chiefly effected by the great moderation of the popular Henry IV, and later by the vigorous administration of the illustrious Cardinal Richelieu under Louis XIII. But under Louis XIV governmental affairs received such an impetus that it elevated France to the pinnacle of power and magnificence.

Cardinal Mazarin, the Prime Minister, and the Queen Regent who governed during her son's minority, having died, Louis then only twenty-three years of age took upon his own shoulders that burden of government which under the previous reigns had been confided to the ministers of the realm. He soon verified a saying of the deceased cardinal that "there was sufficient material in him to make four kings." Under him every branch of the public administration assumed a grand and majestic appearance. Those ambitious nobles who essayed to take advantage of his youth in securing for themselves lucrative positions, soon saw all their projected plans crumble before the irresistible power of his commands. Such was the case with the ambitious Prince of Conde whose attempts to secure a share in the government were all baffled by the superior force of Marshall Turenne. Louis also assumed greater authority than was usual to reside in the French monarchs by dissolving several of the parliaments which then existed in France,—a measure which, although it invested the king with almost absolute power, proved to be very prudent and showed great foresight on the part of the monarch, since these several assemblies had often been the source of many disorders and factions.

Wishing that his ministers might not confide too much in their own power, he settled with precision the extent to which it could be carried by them.

Louis, having nothing dearer to his heart than to make of the French people a great and powerful nation, secured their affection and the respect of foreigners by a dignified and courteous manner of governing. Military services and discipline were enforced, and strict order was observed in the courts of justice; the navy was enlarged and

safe capacious harbors were constructed to protect the numerous vessels. For the encouragement and greater facility of commerce the canal of Languedoc,—a work stupendous in itself and not unworthy the genius of ancient Rome, was opened in the south of France, thus linking together the Atlantic with the Mediterranean.

Paris itself was embellished by the colonnades of the Louvre,—a lasting monument of the enterprising spirit of that age. Literature and science also received during this period due attention. Schools and academies were founded, and no fewer than sixty learned men, either in France or in foreign countries, received a pension from Louis.

It is, however, a sad truth that France was during this time almost continually involved in wars, many of which were brought about by the too great ambition and haughty bearing of Louis towards his enemies. Notwithstanding the fact that the principal powers of Europe were generally leagued together against France, she gallantly withstood all their attacks and often repulsed them under the command of her brave leaders Conde (who was now reconciled again with the king) Turenne, Vendome, Villars, and others who did a like honor to themselves and the French name.

Such expensive wars, however, could not fail in the end to exhaust the country of its resources; and when peace had been restored at the close of Louis' reign, the treasury was found to be empty. Yet, how sorely soever France was disturbed, she still made progress in the fine arts so that the reign of Louis XIV is regarded as the Augustan Age of French literature and art. It is to be doubted whether France has ever since produced poets like Corneille and Racine in tragedy, or Moliere in comedy; satirists like Boileau, scientists

like Paschal and Descartes, or divines like Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, and Massillon.

France had truly reached the summit of her glory. But after the demise of Louis XIV after his long reign of seventy-two years, we see this ancient monarchy dwindle down even to the brink of ruin. The baneful influences which the French Revolution had upon that country are felt to the present day. What has her revolutionary spirit affected by trying to extirpate the Christian religion from her borders? She has reaped the bitter fruits. As long as she bars from her shores her expelled Religious Orders, who are the very soul of a nation, so long must France remain an unprosperous people.

It is to be hoped that she will soon open her eyes and see her great mistake.

REMIGIUS H. MONIN, '03.

WHEN WISDOM CALLS.

WHEN wisdom calls in pleasant hour,
Inviting to her crystal fount;
By youthful labor, through her power,
Bids thee ascend to glory's mount:

Obeys her voice, for wisdom's spring
Is clearest in a soothing calm;
Her buds the sweetest odors fling,
Bloom fairest in the morning's balm.

A. A. S. '03.

MIDNIGHT DANCE.

One silent eve, when weary Sun
Reposed in misty gloom,
Dark, floating clouds on eastern sky
Unmasked a blood-red moon.

But soaring to mid azure heights
Changing her hue of red
She paved with winding sheet quite pale
The city of the dead.

When lo! from neighb'ring church do sound
From steeple high and lone
Twelve heavy groaning moaning tolls
In weird and mystic tone.

Then weeping-willows' twigs do touch
As with some magic wands
The tombs of dead, who creep from earth
Here single, there in bands.

Whilst now a horrid-looking ghost
On fiddle without string
Does play and rattle with his ribs,
They all form in a ring.

On marble chill one beats the time
With bones in measured knells,
The others dance and skip about
In shuddering frantic spells.

And cap'ring round their ribs do rattle
The spirits ghastly foul!—
Their clatt'ring teeth commingle with
The screeching of the owl.

But 'gain from yonder village-church
From steeple high and lone
The clock strikes one—the dance is done.
The morning-winds—they moan.

And all with rattling swiftness glide,
As wind-forsaken waves,
Into their prisons 'neath the sod,
Into their silent graves.

EGON FLAIG, '03.

MY CAMERA.

THERE is probably no art so peculiarly fascinating as that of photography. In my sixteenth year I was a victim of the camera's singular influence, and neighbors generally called me "kodak fiend." My camera was my faithful friend, and I seldom traveled without it.

My father was an engineer on the main division of the C. and F., and he often thundered across the country, holding hundreds of lives in the palm of his hand. One evening in June, I accompanied him on a freight run, and, since the train was composed mostly of "empties," we left the city with unusual speed, and in a short time, the busy hum was completely drowned by the rumbling of the great engine. We sped along for hours, and the monotonous puffing and clanging had almost lulled me to sleep, when suddenly I noticed a look of terror on my father's countenance. He quickly sprang to his feet and made a mighty effort to stop the train, but he sank back as if in despair. This unexpected event aroused me and I was beside him in a moment. Cold beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead and he said, "It was too late, I could not stop. There was a man on the track, for I saw him plainly." As soon as the long train stopped, my father and the fireman climbed down, and with orders for me to remain in the cab, they began an investigation. I could hear their voices gradually die away in the distance, and then all was silent. I was alone. Grave apprehensions stole upon me. Minutes seemed hours, and I was seized with a peculiar fear, when I heard a step, and looking up, saw my father. But horrors! He looked like a spectre, and I was about to shriek when he motioned silence, and in

a whisper bade me hide in a corner of the cab. Then he nervously fumbled the throttle and began backing down the track. In a moment, to my great relief, he spoke. "My son", he said, "have courage, for hundreds of lives depend upon you. We are in the hands of a murderous gang. We were taking the dead man's body from the track, when they confronted us and commanded silence. They ordered me to bring back the engine to where they stand. Escape is impossible, for if I pull ahead they can easily mount the rear of the train. They know nothing of you, my son. Be brave. In thirty minutes "No 2" will round the curve and for the last time, if this train remains here. After the murderers drag us away pull for the switch and save hundreds of lives. And now my—son,—may—God—bless—you. Bear my love and blessing to — your — dear — mother — and—sister." He then embraced me, and large tears filled his eyes. In a short time we reached the gang, and my father, weak and almost fainting, dragged himself from the engine. I could hear the ruffians' voices and judged that they were about twenty-five feet distant. I was almost overcome with grief. I had lost my father, but I took a desperate chance to ensure the punishment of those demons. I had previously extinguished the light of the engine lantern and could now proceed without risk of being seen. I reached my camera, which I luckily carried along, set it at general focus and placed it near the cab window as accurately in line as possible. I next prepared my flash-powder, made it triply strong, and placed it on my father's tea-can which served as a reflector. By means of a burning coal, held by the tongs, I lit the fuse under the powder and with great anxiety completed the most important photograph in my camera's history. As I expected, the leader of the gang

noticed the powerful light of the powder and started towards the engine. I was detected and only waited to be dragged away with the train crew. Suddenly I heard my father cry out in an agonized tone, "For God's sake, men, flee! inside of five minutes that boiler will explode." I understood his meaning and immediately flashed another powder, rapidly opened and closed the fire-box, and finally scattered a large shovel full of burning coals pell-mell out the rear of the cab. The effect was instantaneous, for the gang seized their victims and fled in consternation. When I thought they were a sufficient distance, I put in a new fire, ascended to my fathers seat, and opened wide the throttle. It was just five minutes before "No 2" was due at the switch, three miles away. I offered an earnest prayer to God as the train thundered on. I rounded the curve, and "No 2's" glaring head-light flashed into view. After a few moments of terrible anxiety I reached the switch, and my last car just left the main track into the "siding" when "No 2" sped by. One prayer was answered, and now my thoughts turned to my father and his crew. I soon arrived at the next station, reported the case, and a posse of citizens, all well armed, hurried to the scene of the disaster. It was about midnight when we reached the place. After a search of several hours to my exceeding joy we found the crew, all bound and gagged, in a near-by forest. The searchers acted upon my suggestion to cease for the night and returned to the village. The crew mounted the train, and it was daylight when they arrived at their destination. While my father sought a much needed rest, I locked myself in a dark closet to work out the murderers' doom. My picture was a success, as all but one man faced the camera. When I presented it to the company's superintendent, he exclaimed in surprise, "Why

those men were released from our service but a week ago, and their victim is Carey whom we recently hired." This information, published in the papers, explained to the passengers of "No 2" the cause of their narrow escape on the previous night. During the following week I again faced those desperadoes, but they now trembled before me in the court-room, when I solemnly swore that the little picture which the judge held in his hand was the work of my faithful camera on that awful night. The murderers each received a life sentence in the state prison.

My father, now foreman of the main division of the C. and F., often points to a small picture in his office and tells of its wonderful connection with that horrible tragedy.

PAUL A. WELSH, '04.

A FLEETING WORD.

I knew a knight enwrapped in solid steel:
No arrow, spear or battle-axe could harm
This gallant brave.

When he appeared clad in his armor bright,
All fled, struck by his keen sword's lightning—gleam,
That sent full many a foe to early grave,
But still, one winged shaft—a fleeting word—
Was sharper than a hero's sword,
Because unkind.

It made a quick and never-healing wound,
It laid the warrior low in spite his mail;
A little unkind syllable hath reached the heart,
That never could be reached by dart
Of any kind.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

WHAT a music of delight must ring in the bosom of an author if he is conscious that patriotism, as a reward for his literary productions, has written his name in the hearts of his countrymen! A writer to whose breast such happy feelings received a somewhat cold admittance, however, is Sir Walter Scott. Biographers inform us that for his baronage he would have willingly resigned all literary fame. Yet this author continues the idol of Scotland, because the sun of his genius dispelled the mists which shrouded the picturesque sceneries of that country; a country, which before the appearance of Scott's writings seemed a mysterious waste to the very English neighbor, and whose charms the inhabitant himself knew little how to appreciate.

As soon as the "Lady of the Lake" had issued from the press numerous pilgrims visited the surroundings of Loch Katrine, a region which before possessed little attraction. Much of the interest which every one now showed in these places was doubtlessly owing to the fact that Scott had made them, as it were, the stage of extraordinary scenes, which were acted by extraordinary persons; the principal charms they received however through Scott's masterly description. Although these descriptions are exceedingly minute, they are never tedious; they are light and do not penetrate beyond the exterior, yet this exterior they give completely and beautifully.

In examining the poet's style, the reader sometimes discovers passages that betray lack of finish; nevertheless it is generally clear and easy. Flowing numbers and a musical rhyme are its characteristics. Among the lines of general excellence, the author intersperses true gems of

poetry, such as strong contrast and singular imagery; yet this imagery is striking rather than deep.

Description as well as style, however, is eclipsed by a deep torrent of uncommon events. Incident is hurled over incident, which tower up into a grotesque, variegated pile; its stones are quaint and are indeed sparkling, but scarcely any one can claim more than ordinary value. "The Lady of the Lake" is, therefore, a romance in verse; it cannot even justly be called a novel, because the general tenor is much too wild; because scenes of heart-stirring woe and tenderness appear in too dazzling casts, with scenes of the coarsest mirth and unbridled rage. The number and singularity of the events surpass the other merits of the poem to such a degree that without them little would remain that could command interest. They flow from Scott's prolific imagination untrammelled by philosophy, and hence at times with inadmissible speed. The plot which develops in six days, has only a weak basis in history; the greater portion is imaginary.

Whilst Scott thus displays great power in creating stirring and dramatic situations, whilst he exhibits the genius of a novelist, he is rather unsuccessful in the delineation of character, especially so in his earlier works, in his poetry. He has created many characters, but none is signalized with real depth of feeling, by a perfect individuality; they are all more or less superficial. In the "Lady of the Lake," moreover, they are subordinate to the events under whose influence they are as pliable as wax. When Fitz-James basks in the presence of the Lady of the Lake, his heart melts with tender feelings; when the slightest insult is offered to his pride, however, the lamb suddenly changes into a raging wolf, whose thirst for

vengeance remains unquenched as long as it has not drunk the blood of its victim; yet the self-same person responds to every favor with equal generosity. In short, whether surrounding circumstances incite to a fault or stimulate to a virtue, the characters assume these contrary features with equal alacrity.

How differently does Shakespeare treat his characters! They occupy the most important position; events must be content with a secondary place. The latter are but pictures of the former, and serve only to illumine them the more strongly. Hamlet, for example, or Lady Macbeth together with her husband, first plan an act, and only then follows its execution. There is no blind chance, but the human mind contrives to work the entire machine. Comparing Shakespeare with Scott in the power of characterization, Carlyle writes: "We might say in a short word which means a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outward; your Scott fashions them from the skin inward, never getting near the heart of them." The characters of the latter frequently undergo a passive description from their author, whilst they manifest little feeling in their speech and actions. If Scott is successful in describing any person it is mostly a villain. "The worst of my undertakings is," thus he speaks of himself, "that my rogue always in despite of myself turns out my hero."

"His three great contemporaries, when they attempted to delineate character, barely succeeded in delineating more than themselves, their opposites, or their ideals; but Scott, free from the shackles of this individualism, aimed to represent not one man, but human nature." When Whipple penned these eulogizing lines he doubtlessly referred principally to the author's delineative

powers as exhibited in his romances; at least, with regard to the characters in the work we are treating, this seems to be extravagant praise. Scott's male characters that belong to higher society, are all proud and ambitious; they are chivalrous, ridiculously particular in matters pertaining to their good name and fame, revenging every maltreatment, they are kind towards the needy and distressed, return favors with a similar kindness, and are all adorers of female beauty. All these peculiarities were likewise discernible in Sir Walter's character. The lower soldiery are unrestrained in indulging the pleasures of drinking; from biographies we learn how eagerly Scott snatched after the bottle. The character of the Lady of the Lake is vague, incomplete, and why? Because Scott discovered no fault in any beautiful female form, or in any lady of noble blood. Truly, the heroine of the poem shows firmness, she is attached to her unhappy father, but these qualities are virtues.

There remains still one objection to the characterization in Scott's poem. Excepting the sentiments in the "Hymn to the Virgin" and perhaps a few other passages, the motives that control the action of the various persons are merely natural. Where he could have infused higher ideals into the minds of his characters, Scott misuses the opportunity. In this poem he has likewise summoned up all his powers of ingenious bigotry in order to caricature the monks of the Middle Ages. Indeed, if we would call the "monk" of Rhedick Dhn a "pagan priest," the poem, as far as religion is concerned, might as well be placed in an age before Christ. Brian is such a fanatic villain that his words and actions must make not only every true Catholic but every true gentleman revolt.

With all these faults, however, Scott deserves this praise: although a friend of Byron, his writings never degenerate into licentiousness. In this respect at least the author could truly say of himself that he had never written a line which he should be obliged to rue on his death-bed. Scott has corrected many of these defects in his later writings. His novels have secured undying fame to their author. The poet alone would perhaps have experienced a premature death in literature, yet in the shadow of the novelist he continues to live with the last land-marks in English literature.

A. A. SCHUETTE, '03.

AN EPISODE FROM ST. PIERRE.

The morning-sun peeps thro' the screen
Of branches thick with vernal green,
 When thro' the rows of scenting trees
 Fled quick the odor-laden breeze,
And kissed a wand'ring maiden fair;
Caressed her rosy cheeks, and hair.
 Her brother bids her sad adieu,
 Upon his hand like diamond dew
Did fall her bitter loving tear;
"Must I without thee, then, stay here?"
 "My sister Lucy, fare thou well,
 And pray for me; for who can tell,
When, how, or whether I'll return.
Farewell! It makes my heart to burn;
 But it must be." Her lily hand
 Pressed his—a kiss—he left the strand,
While she returned with heavy heart,
Her maiden tears to flow did start.
 The mother saw the tear-drops creep
 Adown her cheek: "Why do you weep,
My lovely child? she mildly said.
"I feel some languor in my head;

Still, one consoling, happy thought
Has hope and resignation brought,
It is: I yesterday confessed—
This morning God came to my breast.”
What do you fear,” the maiden said,
“Shall we to-day be ’mong the dead?”
“God knows alone!” “But what is that?”
O mamma, look upon thy hat.”
“’Tis ashes from some chimney blown,
Which wanton winds around have thrown.”
“Look! Smoke is on Mt. Pelee’s head!”
“’Tis but a cloud that seeks a bed.”
They passed beneath the leafy boughs
Into their neat and comely house.
There was a shock.— —“Dear Lucy, look,
What naughty boy our portal shook.”
“’Tis naught. There’s mother none out-doors,”
A lava stream its volume pours
O’er Pelee’s charming, treacherous breast,
While he but smoking shakes his crest.
“O mother, look there thro’ the town!—
A flood of fire the world will drown.”
“Alas! dear Lucy, let us pray,
Here is no chance to get away.”
The mother and girl sank on their knees,
As passed them fled the fiery breeze.
“O Holy Mother of Our Lord,
We do believe St. Bernard’s word,
That no one ever fled to thee
In his distress and misery.
Whom thy strong arm did not sustain—
We know, we beg thee not in vain.
In fire embattled rushes Death,
We feel his burning, murderous breath;
He knocks at our peaceful door—
Our life, our death to thee give o’er
We; should in fiery flames we die,
Accept our last and fleeting sigh.”
The noon-day sun is shining bright,
When suddenly a dark-like night
The city fills with dread dismay,
Lit by the crater’s lurid ray.
Fierce lightnings thro’ the sultry-air
Cruise flash on flash; as from their lair

The tigers leap upon their prey
Thus fires 'round the mountain play.
Deep thunders shake the atmosphere
Their clash and roll makes men to fear.
Wild groans are heard beneath the ground
The air is filled with dreadful sound.
Still kneels the mother and her child,
The former said in accents mild:
"Look, child, what tumult 's in the town."
"O mother, fire is falling down;
The streets are paved with liquid fire,
Despair strikes wild his high-strung lyre.
I hear but agonizing moans,
And wailing sounds and sobs and groans.
By hundreds, people scorched to death
Are strewn about the streets—a breath
Of sulphur-vapors fills the air."
"Come, darling, let us take to pray'r.
'Tis fixed, we once must quit this life,
An end must come to mortal strife.
Death is upon's; we are prepared:
Resigned to Providence, not scared
At any death—he brings relief—
From pain. They seem so sweet and brief,
When we reflect on heaven's home;
O would the happy hour had come!
Ye regions blissful, beautiful!
Soon we immortal flowers cull."
"O mother—help— —I—feel so—ill."
Pray, child, Our Lady will fulfill
Thy inmost wish: her heart is love—
Her mother-eye looks from above.
Before her throne we'll soon appear
She's mighty, child, so have no fear."
Young Lucy drew another breath—
In mother's arms then slept in death,
With "Mary on her pallid lip
She went to God's companionship.
Soon, too, her mother's eye-lids closed,
In death her pious soul reposed.
O meeting blest, in paradise,
Of mother and child in endless joys!— —
Despairing masses throng the streets
Their heart in fear and anguish beats.

A huge and lightning-pierced cloud
Shoots from the crater thund'ring loud;
A rain of fire from the sky
Destroys all life on far and nigh.
Who flees from fire finds his death
By breathing Pelee's pois'nous breath.
A fiery cyclone 's sweeping now;
Mt. Pelee knits his angry brow,
Looks on the dreadful victory
He carried o'er humanity:
And Lucy's brother sees the grave
O'er which the moaning breezes wave
With death still laden. "Vanity!
All is but trash and vanity,
That has not God for its sole aim,
That does not e'er His praise proclaim.
A heap of ruins is my town;
Thus Fate has torn this glory down:
And forty-thousand were alive
Interred—and thus did death deprive
Them of their honor, wealth and name
With them has gone their empty fame.
Among them, too, my sister, mother,
Orphan I, and hapless brother.
Mine's no friend on earth, nor home,
Weeping thro' the world I'll roam.
Horrid ruins, this abode,
Stricken by the hand of God!
Worldly things are passing by—
One but stays—Eternity!

X. JAEGER, '03.



CHARACTERS OF FICTION.

CHARACTER is that criterion by which we distinguish the various qualities and habits of man. We are astonished when we gaze at the immense multitude of men and behold such a vast diffusion of character. Thus, whatever peculiarity we may desire, we may fully be gratified in the delineation of the different characters of men. There is nothing that attracts one's attention more than the characters of many individuals. In one we see those ennobling traits of justice and integrity predominating, in others some of the most vulgar and degrading habits. No matter what peculiarities he may possess, man always is most clearly distinguished by his character. When fame, renown, and even the memory of a great man has passed away, still, if he has possessed a noble character, he will live on in the characters of those who follow his footsteps.

In nothing can we find a better portrayer of individual character than in fiction. Fiction is, as it were, a terrestrial field upon which are wandering a countless number of mortals in interesting and instructive words upon which are presented the various categories of men in every type and character. The fortunes and misfortunes, the hopes and vicissitudes of man's mortal life are brought before our mind in the silent yet forcible words of the book.

The success of a book mainly depends on the manner in which the author depicts and presents his characters. We study the works of great authors, and in many we find some of the most noble creations and developments of individual character. With an observative eye and an ingenious mind they draw from the life around their

imaginary beings. With an intuitive knowledge they create mortal beings possessing the same requisites as we, but who have in their position in life had many incidents happen to them in order to make their history most interesting.

Persons in every station of life are brought forth and perform a function in these representations. The one through whom courses the blood of kings does not hold a more prominent position than the humblest and unpretentious of mankind. The author by his vehement and expressive language can so masterly depict a villanous character that our hate and detestation for the villian grows as we progress in the book; whereas, by his graphical representation of the low-born and despised, he moves us to pity and compassion. The scope of the author's actions is unlimited, and thus he is enabled to present characters in diverse hues and forms.

It is hardly possible for us to read any work of fiction without becoming conscious after a short perusal of the fact that the author most strikingly presents a certain character. He creates a hero that stands out conspicuous as the most dramatical figure around whom are centred all the minor participants. Thus by his excellent delineation our admiration is increased and our feelings and sentiments become imbued with this most interesting being. We consider him as an ideal, and though he may have other bad qualities, still his numerous good properties in our estimation fully compensate for his other defects.

It is, however, surprising that authors so rarely choose characters which would be models and examples for us. They generally endeavor to present individuals that will excite the most interest, and therefore disregard all the moral good which the book would be capable of containing.

Authors are too often influenced by the desire of glory and temporal advantages, and hence they neglect that which is by far more beneficial to mankind.

They do not consider how widely their book will be circulated and the classes of the people who may happen to read it. They deal more with the sentimental and the truthful and the ennobling. Love is the predominating character in their work, and the artful manner in which love's cupid gains her point, forms the main plot of the generality of novels. It is true that fiction cannot be interesting to all, if love is not brought forth as one of the actors, yet, though love may enter, still by his masterly presentation it should have a moral lesson to convey.

In casting but a retrospective glance over the catalogue of some of our greatest fiction writers, we find that though they were respectable men, still they did not practice an exemplary code of morals. Hence it is for us to record the sad fact that some of our best works of fiction give to us the representation of terrestrial joys and soar not to the immortal and celestial realms. We must admire them for their development of character, yet we cannot praise them, for their works tend not to elevate the soul of man to nobler and higher aspirations. To prove our assertion, let us but quote a few of our most renowned writers. Take a Dickens, a Scott, a Thackeray; what have they contributed to the spiritual advancement of man? They have with the abilities they possessed enhanced but little the sublime and noble characters of man. In speaking of some we cannot by this naturally impugn all. Many have written works which serve as a most invaluable help to the needy soul.

Yet, laying aside the development of those

higher ideals and looking at the many other shining qualities, we find that some have artistically drawn the most beautiful and illustrious characters,—characters which, if carefully perused, would enable many to formulate theirs accordingly. Though benefits and advantages so liberally and, we might say; so spontaneously accrue from fiction, still imperfections and detrimental characters may also be prevalent. The benefits of the novel are numerous, yet its harm seems to exceed the good it accomplishes. But should we for this reason condemn the novel? If perverted minds blot the lustre of this happy creation, this does not necessarily bring the novel into disrepute. Since inventions have so facilitated the formation of a book, we find that the number of books edited is becoming enormously large.

Scholars possessing but a limited knowledge imagine they are capable of treading within the difficult bounds of fiction. Thus the surplus of bad and worthless books increase daily. How many books published in our days are worthy of high encomiums and commendations? How many present to us characters which would form and model our actions? How many transport the mind of man into the field of the pure and chaste sentiments? Few, we must answer, are characterized by those requisites which make them the bulwark of truth and justice. Though the number of unprofitable books is great, yet the characters of those dwelling in higher ideals far surpass the mean and the vulgar. We cannot estimate what an immense benefit we can derive from the careful study of the noble character of a novel.

Another objectional feature raised against the novel is, that in the majority of cases the novel is not realistic enough. Their heroes are too often made to dwell in a sphere far above our ordinary

course of life. The imagination of the author is not kept within restraint, and hence he allows himself to be wafted amid the realms of fairy-land. His incidents are often too far-fetched to possess but a tinge of reality. Thus it often happens that we become disgusted and lose our interest in the most illustrious characters of a book. We feel that the author has soared far above the domains of fiction and invented something that would not be believed even by the most credulous.

When we therefore consider the mighty influence of a book, we can perceive what a responsibility the edition of a novel requires. The book you have published, the characters you have delineated, and the glowing words you have penned, live on, although your mortal career has closed. Posterity may remember you either as one who has inculcated and represented the lessons and teachings of morality, or as the one who so graphically dwelled on the passions and degrading characters of life. Though death may have claimed of you all that is mortal, still your immortal memory shall unceasingly wander for good or evil in the minds of your readers.

HENRY A. HOERSTMAN, '03.



CLASS WORK.

A LITTLE BIRD.

After many vain endeavors upon a mathematical problem, I threw down my pencil in despair, and turning listlessly towards my study window, was soon lost in reverie.

The crimson hue on the western sky was gradually fading, and far off the evening shades seemed gently falling. A soft breeze gave a graceful motion to the tall oaks which seemed to bow in homage to the majestic king of the West. Squirrels and chipmunks frisked about. The robin's cheery note could be heard, and the continual rapping of the woodpecker lent a peculiar charm, if not awe, to this sylvan grandeur. Whilst I gazed at this scene and silently admired its Maker, I noticed a beautiful canary vainly endeavoring to carry a large bundle of straws to its nest in a high oak. After many trials it laid its burden upon the ground, but not in despair. Failure only stimulated it to new efforts. It separated the load into many parts, and flying away with each piece, finally succeeded in lodging the whole in its nest.

This almost intelligent action awakened in me a feeling of shame. I was struck with the perseverance of a simple bird, and I seized my pencil and resumed my work with that energy and determination which always ensure success.

P. A. W. '04.

DISAPPOINTED.

The last day of wearisome travel had at length arrived; but a few hours more and the gallant ship would steam into San Francisco Bay.

On board the ship was a typical Dutchman who for the first time would behold the new world in the Western Hemisphere. This being Karl's first trip across the ocean, and to a new part of the world at that, he naturally had a store of air-castles towering in his fancy, the realization of which would certainly make America a second paradise. As was natural, Karl could only speak in his mother tongue; however, he had already gathered English words and phrases enough so as to understand the general trend of conversations. Possessing little or no education, his geographical knowledge did not extend to America, still he had often heard that America abounded in natural beauties and curiosities, some names of which he had also learned from travelers on board, as—The Grand Canyon, The Golden Gate, Yellow Stone Park, etc. Indeed, Karl expected to meet all kinds of people and machinery on his arrival, and his continual roaming in fairy land', played hookie with him all the more, "Dere must be somedings peculiar about dese dings", thought Karl as he repeated some of the wonderful names he had just learned. "De Golden Gate, vell, how ish dat poshible?" Evidently Karl made his mistake in confounding the figurative with the literal meaning of the phrase. But what was his surprise when he learned that they would pass The Golden Gate before landing at San Francisco. "Now I vill see vance vat dat ish," said he. A few minutes later Karl was seen out on deck watching for the Golden Gate. Here he waited anxiously until the signal for anchoring was given. Seemingly disappointed on landing, Karl asked the captain where the Golden Gate was. Being told that they had passed it on entering the Bay of San Francisco about three miles out, he dropped his head muttering—"Dis vas ein hell of a koundry". J. H. S. '05.

SOME MISSING WORKS.

We delight in reading the works of Shakespeare and Milton, and will do so again on reading them a second time. But to understand them fully and to read them with profit requires much study. After a student has been wrestling with difficult mathematical problems or has been translating perplexing passages from the ancient authors, his mind is hardly fit to enjoy the beauties of our own poets who require study and attention. For such moments the novel comes handy. But many have become tired of the novel, especially those that have some insight and soon see the termination of a love-soaked novel, or one that piles up fake adventures. These novels are not a fit diversion for a student whose mind is supposed to be kept clear of air-castles and crystal fountains. There are indeed some works that supply the want, but they are not completely perfect. We have Don Quixote whose chapters are more or less always finished in themselves and will not disturb the mind, as a novel which always has the tendency to hurry one towards the conclusion of the plot. Nevertheless a student whose aim is the priesthood should in the limited time allotted him read more on spiritual subjects. We have whole shelves of ascetics, but who desires, when his mind is full of triangles, dactyls, hexameters, cones, and irregular verbs, to be depressed with theories on living and on virtues. Besides, it is never good to read for any length of time in such works, since the general result is "nothing." What does a student care for the austerities of the saints when he is seeking a pastime in reading. A student must first know his God, and nature will make him acquainted with his Maker. John Burroughs, whose writings, I fear, are too little appreciated by his fellow coun-

trymen, has very much approached the work I have referred to. His words lead one out into nature, show one her beauty, just as if some one would speak to you on a walk into the fields. He leads one to happy conclusions and fills one with an evidence of the Creator. But here again is lacking the true Catholic spirit of pointing out God in all things. We have also, Lowell, Lecky, Wordsworth, and several others who have had more in view in their writings than gain of wealth. Many writers have hovered about this subject but have never reached its core. It is a lamentable fact that in our time so many writers engulf the world with mediocre novels. Catholic writers also produce works that are good enough for children but beyond that hardly fit for a place in the library. Most of them convey a vague notion of some virtue or good work and just let one know or rather imagine its aim, and then cut off as if the author had attempted something beyond his power. We need writers that can interpret nature into the vernacular. Books are needed superior to the Catholic or general novel of the present day—books that will serve as a pastime without diverting the thoughts of the reader from his duties. Works are wanting in English Catholic Literature that would supply our Catholic youth with instructive reading matter, strange at the same time to fiction and to the regular text-book. I. W. '04.

CHARACTER SKETCH OF COLUMBUS.

Of all the great men and geniuses which this world has produced, none, perhaps, shine more conspicuous or are perpetuated with more gratitude in the memory of mankind than the discoverer of the New World. As a rule, glory has a certain space of time, and when it has once begun to fade, nothing can rekindle its lustre. Columbus, how-

ever, is one of those rare exceptions whose fame grows with the centuries, rising above the horizon of the past, while others decline and disappear. Columbus was in an eminent degree a self-made man. Nay, he was more; he was a genius. If we but consider the small amount of education that he received at the various universities where teaching was as yet very imperfect, and the great purpose which he afterwards effected with these small means by his own energy and invention, we cannot view him but in the light of a man of very strong natural genius, who, from having to contend at the very outset with privations and difficulties, require an intrepidity in danger and a firmness in overcoming obstacles that few great men have ever possessed. This, throughout his whole private and public life, was one of the most remarkable characteristics of Columbus. We must respect and admire the religious sentiments which constantly pervaded his noble soul and impelled him to all his actions. He looked upon himself as standing directly in the hand of heaven and especially pointed out by the finger of destiny to accomplish its great purposes, in which he eventually succeeded after trials and sufferings that would have daunted a braver heart. There have been men, who, in order the better to honor God and serve their country, have despised glory. They have even gone further; they have hated it. This was the character of Columbus. It was his glory to discover in the unreclaimed solitudes of primeval America whole tribes of savages plunged into the darkest ignorance, whom he essayed to lead out into the light and christianize. Moreover, he did not demand to be so ostentatiously countenanced by his sovereigns as he should have deserved, but merely begged a trivial recognition to be made of his wants for the accomplishment of

his object. After all opposition imaginable, both by his enemies and even by his sovereigns, to which he in turn opposed a magnanimity and suavity of spirit, a truly invincible firmness in maintaining his views that moved his friends into acquiescence and forced even his enemies into conviction, we see him in the attainment of his desires.

His enemies have called him a proud vain-glorious man, fond of displaying his abilities even at the seat of the government; but when we see this man suffer his private affairs and property to go to ruin in the service of the state, reduced to extreme want, going from court to court, offering to princes the discovery of a new world, we can no longer entertain doubts concerning the honesty and integrity of his intentions. As great a christian in soul, as an enthusiastic patriot and laborer for the welfare of the state in body, Columbus was, in an eminent degree, in mind a poet. Truly, he did not leave to posterity any brilliant works as monuments of his poetical talents, but if we consider poetry as not only being merely a composition of words and lines in metre, but extending also to prose, we must unhesitatingly give Columbus this title. In all the letters that he wrote to his sovereigns concerning the explorations of the newly-discovered lands, he describes them in the most glowing terms not failing to impart grandeur to the smallest beauties, giving vent to his noble feelings, to sudden ebullitions of his patriotic spirit, in language possible only for such a soul. We cannot but respond to his own earnest invitations in showing our gratitude to the Maker with the like exalted sentiments. Columbus lives, and will ever live with grateful remembrance in the hearts of all. He will always be loved as a christian, admired as a true genius, and respected as a poet.

F. D. '04.

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

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DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

June with its burden of meat riots, weddings, commencements and hot weather, has come to pay us a visit of thirty days. Viewed from a more serious standpoint, it is a month of real joy and pleasure to the lovers of the Sacred Heart. 'Tis a month fraught with richest blessings for those

who endeavor to make reparation to the Sacred Heart for the countless transgressions against the first and second commandments.

Since May 30th, the '02 lads have been reveling in a wholesome and well-earned idleness, in many and wonderful feats—gustatory, natatory, piscatory and somnolent—and in pipes and pipe-dreams. The results of the four weeks' examination have not yet been made known, and we all fear the verifying of the truth expressed in the quotation, "Many are called, but few are chosen." Were it not for this one apprehension these hours of leisure after years of study would be almost blissful. But bliss is a barbarous word in a student's vocabulary, and we utter it with awe. As it is, the "grads" stroll about, characterized by a French 'brier,' a knowing smile, and that look of matured wisdom that staggers the "preps" and elicits a sigh of longing from the weighted breast of the undergraduate.

The Spring months have been rich in events that bring joy to the heart of St. Joseph's and imperishable honor and fame to her name. No less than fifteen of her sturdy sons have ascended the altar and the pulpit and dedicated their whole life—body, soul, and mind—to the care of souls. Truly a noble sacrifice! Truly a Godlike task and mission to inspire youthful hearts with thoughts and ideals that find their realization in the young levite. Oh, the joy of the mother whose son is one of the "anointed"! But think of Alma Mater who numbers her "anointed ones", not by twos or threes, but by the dozen or the score, and in a very few years, by the hundreds. Alma Mater watched her sons in the class-room, on the campus, and she continues to watch them with prayerful and hopeful eye as they act and do and succeed in the work assigned to them. May they never

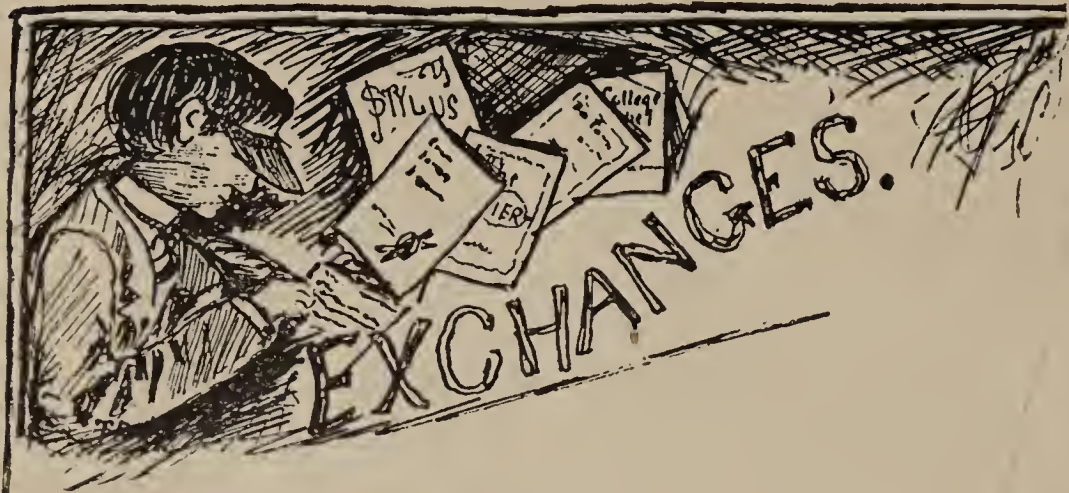
disappoint her in her hopes. Our greetings to you, O happy ones!

“United vie shtands up, divided vie setzen uns.” Sockery Schneidlebecker in Dutch Ballad.

In all languages, dialects and brogues, it is a fact that harmony and concentration in effort is the keystone to success, especially where a *number* of parties are concerned. Distort the saying in any possible way, even as our friend Sockery has done, nevertheless its burden of truth is none the less weighty. Of the two, harmony and concentration, harmony is the more important, since it will lead to concentration. Harmony in the family circle, in the community, in the state, last but not least in the college. Nowhere is an atmosphere of discord more destructive of good work than within the walls of a boarding school. Remove harmony from the college and you create a vacuum that will be filled by bickering, snarling, discontent, wrangling, and all kinds of uncharitable acts. Ideals will be shattered, and this is no frivolous consequence, when we consider that ideals are as necessary to character building as is oxygen to flame. The outcome of it all would be the making of shams instead of men. So let us all train our ear to catch the harmonious strains of God's creation, and let us learn to hold and sustain—each one his individual note in the grand chorus—sustain it well and true.

The speech of George Frisbie Hoar, Senator from Massachusetts, will go down in history—if not in his country's history, at least in the history of honest, fearless and eloquent men. The Senator is not a dramatic speaker by any means, but there is that ring, that flavor of truth, frankness and principle in his late speech that convinces and moves more quickly and more deeply than all the superficial aids of the elocutionist. Study his

words as he pictures our relations with Cuba and with the Filipinos. For the men, and their policy against which he spoke, his words were cutting and death-dealing. For you and me they were strong, invincible vehicles of the truth concerning our policy and success in Cuba and the Philippines. What a comparison he drew between our Cuban policy and our Philippine policy!! Our treatment of Cuba will redound to our fame and honor for ages to come, our treatment of the Philipinos with newly devised tortures that would shame Nero, is a rancorous cancer that, besides keeping us continually besmirched with foul matter, will eventually eat and destroy to the last vestige our much boasted reputation for honor and true liberty. When a nation becomes insensible to all promptings of honor and justice then—well, read the histories of Greece, and Rome, and in the words of a ballad “consider, good cow, consider.” Senator Hoar’s speech will rank with those of Clay, Webster and Calhoun, and the young American would do himself and his country a service if he would spend a few hours pouring over its eloquent and pregnant sentences. The following words sounds like an echo from the days of Washington and Jefferson:—“My duty I mean to perform to the best of my ability, fearlessly as becomes an American citizen, and honestly as becomes an American Senator.” Such words betoken a resuscitation of the old Colonial spirit and will earn for the aged Senator, should he continue to occupy his high pedestal alone, an enviable title—“The Last of the Americans.” ”



In these evil days when bad people speak plainly in harmony with their nature, and impious satires dance all day long before your very eyes, and when even virtuous souls call diligence "tume-faction of the headpiece," or zeal "mis-laid temper," and what is enough to scald furrows into your cheeks, when every attempt you make at pleasing seven dozen curious tastes goes by the name 'pretension', in such crisis "father time" kicks at the sanctum door and calls off the old staff to the realms of rest. Though we do not like to go we simply must, and bidding all our dear contemporaries the smiles of fortune, we say to them conjointly and severally, "*Sic te diva potens Cipri.*" But we have a horrid responsibility from which to ease our mangled shoulders, for, some time ago, and we didn't mean it either outside of what we said, we entered into horse-play with the *Sentinel*, and for this we have a contrition as perfect and sharp as the teeth of a crocodile. Alas! we fear our sorrow comes too late. Yet, good *Sentinel*, you know we like to quarrel; it is our element and we did not know that you were such a poor companion. Above all, how did you succeed to ingratiate yourself with grandma at *Georgetown*? We had scarcely sent that mild smash of ours just between your eyes, when first to our surprise you

began to bray consistent with your nature thus-wise:—"You have condemned us to misery by your column." "You have cultivated a penchant for the slang!" "You have stereotyped expressions!" "You have big feet!" "Take that in the spirit of fraternal correction," and forthwith your new (protectress) or protector called us something like "you're a nephew to grandpa *Index*, the old fire-eater."

Well enough, uncle grandpa, if the year were not so near its close, we should cross those falls near your palace in a handbasket and set a whole dozen of rhinoceroses snorting. We believe it to be as true as dogma that our writing some time past condemned the ex-man of the *Sentinel* to misery, and miserable as he was, he could not find anything literary in our stereotyped expressions. But by the way, what are these stereotyped expressions? Why didn't you send them in together with those that should have gone into quotations and were not? On the other hand, how deep are you in love with the beautiful barbarism, *penchant*? How violently have you dashed your head against the wall to knock out that poor English expression, 'throwing bouquets'? Judging from the lack of originality in your last column in which you were forced to supply our mean expressions in order to create a paltry humor, you must have done some hard butting. There is no doubt that life is a burden where a vocabulary is as lean as a skeleton, and yet you grumble about three stereotyped expressions in some other man's column, whereas you have scarcely changed three expressions all the year through in your own measly boiler-plate. It is quite natural that you are shocked at the authority we assume, but how did it ever pop into your skull that you—*you* could help genius on to fame? ? ?

Some months ago you were trying to elevate a well known and famous genius to your idea of prominence, but he answered your childish musing with a becoming dignified silence; an act on your part which vouches for a fault in your mental strata.

Now take all this in a spirit of christian charity, and until the last few days of this scholastic year shall have elapsed, the atmosphere at least, so we hope, will force a passage into your vacuum knot. Moreover, if you wish to hit us near home again with your big gun, just come on, we have an insatiable appetite for smashes, they just make our jaws ache.

But we nearly forgot that grandma has committed you to her bosom care, and fearing another slap, we shall let you rest in peace for the future. Yet, grandma *Georgetown*, as we know you are the oldest decent woman in the United States we expected you to have more etiquette than to ram your fingers pell-mell into other people's soup. Surely you will not allow our last caresses to leave an indelible mark, dear granny; for when you and grandpa are fussing all year round, it is no wonder that one or the other hatchling turns out wild. We only mean to satisfy your solicitations to a kick, for you know we are ever ready to welcome the desires of old people.

Well, the time has come to say good-by and it fairly makes us cry to think that we must part with all our scrapping and fellow scrappers, and above all with numerous, zealous and deeply loved friends whose esteem will long remain with us, and whose mild and well-meant corrections the Collegian shall endeavor to turn to its lasting benefit. Our new staff is polishing up and preparing all things to receive their friends at the beginning of the next scholastic year with every possible ex-

ultation. We beg leave to ask in their behalf a favor already sought for by a very good journal, that is, if anyone has something to take out on our old shot-proof self to do so before their chance is missed. Many college journals mistake this principle and thus carry on animosities for years, never regarding the fact that this class of journals yearly passes over to the hands of entirely new holders, who have no liking to meddle with the fads of their predecessor. It sometimes happens in the course of evolution that an ex-man is metamorphosed into an editor, and then woe to those who have incurred his wrath. Such things are ill-becoming, but they sometimes take place. Our subscribers and exchanges still have another appearance of the *Collegian* to expect in July, but as it is the commencement number, we will have to reserve place for the celebrations, so down goes the ex-column with "Maginty to the bottom of the sea," and if we have been offensive in the past, we apologize and ask pardon for the future. If we have been severe or mild, we always meant it in good heart, and, moreover,

"Since we need no more to fear each other's lashes
Methinks we can forgive each other's ashes."

MEINRAD B. KOESTER, '02



SOCIETY NOTES.

The final literary program of the scholastic year was rendered May the 18th. It will be noticed that the programs of late have been mostly of a comical nature. It was thought prudent to have them short and entertaining, owing to the hot weather and the approach of the semi-annual examinations. Of these programs the following one especially did very much credit to the participants:

1. Music.....College Band
2. Recitation "Mother".....Mr. X. Yaeger
3. College Song "Our Alma Mater".....College Choir
4. Recitation "My two Guests".....Mr. A. Schaefer
5. The Columbian Paper.....Mr. X. Yaeger
6. Farce "The Siamese Twins"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Dr. Green, an ambitious physician.....Mr. B. Quell
 Mr. Sharp, a collector of freaks.....Mr. E. Pryor
 Hans Bumpernickel, from Germany.....M. J. Bach
 Rastus Johnson, a dark son of Africa.....Mr. E. Cook
 Terrence O'Flynn, the other twin.....Mr. E. Lonsway

The literary as well as the humorous part of the program was well rendered. The "Columbian" especially contained many original jokes, "funny" poems, but lacked local hits. It is the intention of the Society to have this paper published bi-weekly next year.

The C. L. S. are now preparing to render the Druid's Ambition again on Commencement Eve. This will end the Society work for this year,—to the great delight of the Society Editor.

We hope to see all the members (except the grads—God's speed to them) return and join their efforts to bring the standard still higher. Last year we traveled on a bicycle, this year in an automobile, and next year we shall have an air-ship.

CHAS. A. VANFLANDERN, '03.

MILITARY NOTES.

St. Joseph's during the past year has enjoyed a cheerful harmony prevailing among the different societies and organizations. This, to a great extent, is due to the good and willing spirit of the student-body, upon which they are to be congratulated heartily.

The St. Joseph's College Battalion up to a few months ago was making a wonderful stride toward success. It was then that our recreation hours, which are by no means limited, would not allow us to serve two masters.

Many members of the battalion belonged to the base ball teams. Practice hours conflicted. Here it was where Aide-de-Camp Werling grasped the situation, and with the consent of the Rev. Faculty and the Major he organized a volunteer company, known as the "St. Joseph's Volunteers." The new company does by no means effect the standard of the old organization which is still as formidable as ever. The new company with our Master of discipline Rev. L. Schupp as chaplain and captained by Edward Werling include the following members: A. McGill, B. Quell, B. Wellman, N. Keller, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, H. Froning, B. Huelsman, J. Lemper, E. Ley, A. Birkmeier, J. Smith, J. McCarthy, G. Jackson, A. Bernard, F. Alles, A. Lonsway, E. Buchman, J. Steinbrunner, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnel, E. Vurpillat, J. Lang, and T. Hammes, E. Lonsway is color-sergeant and J. Burke, drummer-boy.

The company drills regularly every evening from 5-6 o'clock, and are ready to compete with any uniformed company. As yet they have not appeared in an exhibition drill, but on commence-

ment day they will 'shine' in their natty new uniforms of blue coat with white cap and trousers. On said day they will have a competitive drill with the St. Paul's cadets of Chicago.

The members of the company rendered a military drama entitled The Confederate Spy, an account of which will be found in another column of this journal. Adj.

PERSONALS.

Rev. John Berg of Remington paid St. Joseph's a short visit on the 23rd of May.

Rev. William Sullivan '97 accompanied by Felix Seroczynski '99 visited their Alma Mater on the 28th ult. Rev. Sullivan read his first Mass on the 25th of May and Mr. Seroczynski assisted in the ceremonies. Father Sullivan is now stationed at the Cathedral, Ft. Wayne.

Rev. Stanislaus Neiberg, C. PP. S., of Sedalia Mo., formerly a member of the Faculty, visited us on June the 3rd and 4th. Father Stanislaus was accompanied by Rev. Charles Hecker, also of Mo.

George Diefenbach '99 called at St. Joseph's on the 20th of May.

John O'Donnel was made glad during the past month by a visit from his father, Mr. T. O'Donnel of Indianapolis, Ind.

Edward Grimme had the misfortune to be called home last month in order to attend the funeral of his aunt, Mrs. Joseph Schroer, of Padua, O.

J. W. W.

THE CONFEDERATE SPY.

The St. Joseph's Volunteers on the eve of Memorial-day before a large and appreciative audience presented a military drama most suitable to the occasion, entitled "The Confederate Spy." Every member of the company took some part in the evening's entertainment, and they more than delighted the crowded house with their fine work. Following is the cast:

George Waterman.....	Joseph Steinbrunner
Philip Bradley.....	Albert McGill
Fred Ainsley.....	Henry Froning
Major-General Banks U. S. A.....	Edward Werling
Colonel Willard U. S. A.....	Maurice O'Connor
Officer Mugary.....	Joseph Smith
Clay, a negro.....	Austin Lonsway
Sockery Schneidlebecker.....	Bernard Huelsman
Mrs. Waterman.....	Edward Pryor
Maud Bradley	John O'Donnel
Friezie Himmelholtz.....	Theodore Hammes

Soldiers in blue and gray, villagers, etc.

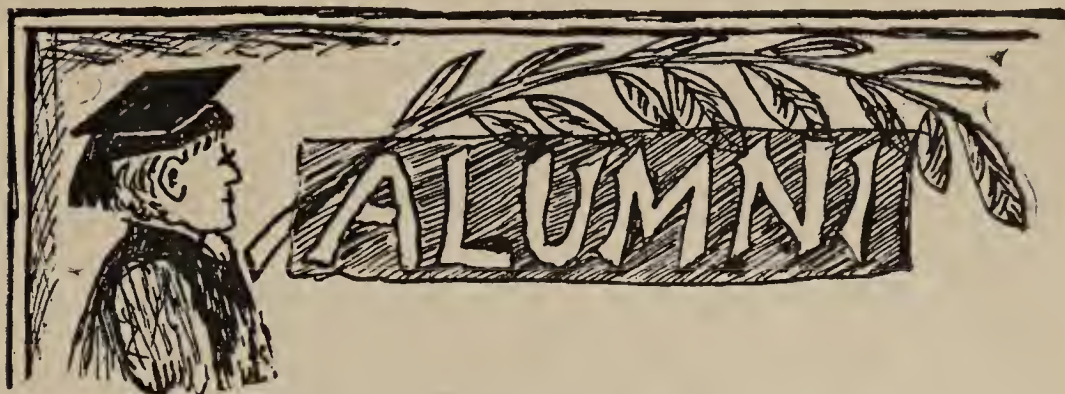
The story of the play is very interesting. Maud Bradley, a southern belle, is attending school in the North when the war breaks out. While there, she falls in love with a certain George Waterman who asks her hand in marriage before he left for the front. She refused him and returned to her home in the South. The union army marches south under Col. Willard in whose regiment Geo. Waterman is now a captain. Phil. Bradley, a spy in service of Lee, falls into the hands of the unionists and is taken to the nearest plantation manor for safe keeping. Waterman is left in charge of the prisoner. He accidentally meets Maud and finds that he is guarding her home. For her sake he frees her brother. He is detected in his act and Maud's intercession frees her lover. After the war they meet at the Waterman homestead in Penn. and are married.

Joseph Steinbrunner appeared as impersonator of George Waterman, a young unionist, deeply in

love with a southern lass. The gentleman is to be congratulated for his sprightly acting. He was well acquainted with the role he acted, demonstrating that if given a fair chance he may appear to much advantage on the stage. Philip Bradley, the daring spy, was nicely impersonated by Mr. McGill whose success surpassed all expectations. The difficult part which he played seemed to bother him little, especially so in the parlor scene, as a prisoner in his own home. Mr. McGill deserves much credit for his efforts. Mr. Froning was the greatest surprise of that evening. For of all serious parts Mr. Froning carries off the palm. He impersonated Fred. Ainsley, an officer from Jackson's lines, and always proved to be "Johnny on the spot" when he was announced to be before the lights. In the role Sockery Schneidlebecker lay the success of the play. He was a drafted dutchman forced to the front, probably because he feared a couple letters of his name would be shot off. Nevertheless Mr. B. Huelsman took good care of this important character. In selecting John O'Donnel to impersonate the character of a southern belle the committee is to be congratulated. Mr. O'Donnel has the honor of playing the first female character in any modern drama on our stage. He acquitted himself well and deserves much praise. Ed. Pryor as Mrs. Waterman played excellently and well represented the troubled though loving mother. In the minor parts Messrs. O'Connor, Werling, Smith and Hammes met with great success. The confederate soldiers made a fine and novel appearance.

All in all the play was success, owing much to the untiring efforts of Mr. Maurice Ehleringer who directed the rehearsals. The St. Joseph's Volunteers wish to express their sincerest thanks to that gentleman.

H. S.



Events of the past two months have brought much joy to the St. Joseph's students and alumni. Indeed, they have reason to rejoice with their Alma Mater, since during this season of spring time so many of their former fellows have been raised to the august dignity of the priesthood.

During the week immediately preceding Trinity Sunday, the following alumni were ordained priests:—Reverend Fathers, James Connelly '97, Wm. Sullivan '97, Ignatius Zircher '97, E. Mungovan '97, Francis Koch '97, Lawrence Eberle '97, by Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding in Immaculate Conception Cathedral, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and Rev. J. Wechter '96 by Rt. Rev. Ignatius Horstman in the Cathedral at Cleveland, O.

Four of the Fathers celebrated their first holy Masses on Trinity Sunday, May 25th:—

Rev. Wm. Sullivan in the St. Mary's Church of Lafayette, Ind. Arch-priest was Rev. J. Din-en, pastor; deacon, Rev. J. F. Cogan '96; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Wakefer '96, assistant pastor of St. Mary's; master of ceremonies, Mr. F. Seroczynski '99 of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. The sermon was preached by Rev. Chas. Guendling.

Rev. I. Zircher at Mt. Summit, Ind. Rev. Max. Benzinger of Hesse Cassel was the arch-priest. Rev. A. Young of Garret was deacon; Rev. P. Schmidt of Arcola, was subdeacon; Rev. Dominic Duehmig of Avilla was master of ceremonies. Rev. J. Oechtering of Ft. Wayne preached the sermon.

Rev. F. Koch in St. Catharine's Church near Laud, Ind. The sermon was preached by Rev. Philip Guethoff of Crown Point. Further particulars regarding Father Koch's Mass have not reached us.

Rev. J. Waechter in St. Bernard's Church, New Washington, O. Arch-priest was Rev. R. Schmaus, C. PP. S.; deacan was Rev. Ch. Daniel, C. PP. S. '96; subdeacon was Rev. C. Vogelmann, C. PP. S.; master of ceremonies, the pastor, Rev. J. P. Kunnert. Rev. J. G. Vogt preached the sermon.

The remaining three celebrated their first holy Masses, Sunday, June 1st.

Rev. E. Mungovan, at 7:45 A.M. in St. Patrick's Church Ft. Wayne. Assistant priest, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Murray, rector of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati; deacon, Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor at St. Patrick's; subdeacon, Rev. Jas. Connelly '97; master of ceremonies, Rev. Thomas Mungovan, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's. The sermon was preached by his brother Rev. Thos. Mungovan. A reception was held in the evening at the home of his sister, Mrs. Richard Markey of South Calhoun Street.

Rev. Jas. Connelly at 10:30 A.M. in St. Patrick's Ft. Wayne. Arch-priest was Rev. Jos. F. Delaney, pastor; deacon, Rev. Henry Buchholtz of Munising, Mich; sub-deacon, Rev. Ed. Mungovan '97; master of ceremonies, Rev. Thos. Mungovan. Rev. Buchholtz preached the sermon. In the evening a reception was given at the home of the young priest's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Connelly of East Williams Street.

Rev. L. Eberle in St. Charles Borromeo's Church, Peru, Ind. Rev. Meissner and Rev. J. Seimetz '96 are respectively pastor and assistant pastor at St. Charles'. Father Eberle was assisted

by Rev. Chas. Guendling as arch-priest, by Rev. M. Hamburger, C. PP. S., as deacon, by Rev. N. Welsch, C. PP. S., as sub-deacon, by Mr. Joseph Taggart of Mt. St. Marys Seminary, Cincinnati, as master of ceremonies. An English sermon was preached by Rev. Chas. Guendling and a German sermon by Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. PP. S. A banquet and reception took place at Father Eberle's residence from 4 to 5 P.M. on East River Street.

APPOINTMENTS.

Rev. Wm. Sullivan '97, is stationed at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Rev. Lawrence Eberle '97, has been appointed assistant to the Very Rev. A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.

Rev. Ignatius Zircher '97, is assistant at SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Huntington, Ind.

Rev. Jas. Connelly '97, is assistant at St. Bridget's, Logansport, Ind.

Rev. F. Koch '97 succeeds Rev. Joseph Abel '96, as assistant at St. Joseph's, Hammond, Ind.

Rev. Ed. Mungovan '97, succeeds his brother Rev. Thos. Mungovan, as assistant at St. Patrick's, Ft. Wayne.

Rev. Jos. Abel '96, has been appointed pastor at Walkerton, Ind.

Rev. Thos. Conroy '96, has been appointed to the chaplaincy at the Sisters' Hospital, Anderson, Ind.

It is worthy of note that Rev. J. Waechter is the first Alumnus of St. Joseph's to be ordained for the Cleveland diocese.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the young Fathers will pay us a visit at Commencement, June 16 and 17th.

ALUMNUS.



ATHLETICS

The S. J. C. baseball team went to Delphi to play the team of that city on Thursday, May 22nd. Delphi has a salaried team of ex-leaguers, and on paper they seem to clearly out-class the S. J. C. boys. The game was fast and snappy, Delphi winning out by the score of 6 to 4. In the

first inning Delphi scored two runs through VanFlandern's wildness. Richards, the first man up, was hit by a pitched ball. Reynolds hit a fast one down the third base line and was safe at first. Hosh was sent to first on four wide ones. Naron and Tharp were given free transportation to first, forcing in Richards and Reynolds. Mahappy struck out. Haugh sent a grounder to VanFlandern who threw Hosh out at home. Campbell closed the inning by striking out. S. J. C. did not score until the third inning. Wessel was hit by a pitched ball. Wachendorfer sent him across the rubber with a beautiful hit to right field for three bases. Delphi got a run in the fifth. Richards doubled to right and stole third, but was caught at home when he attempted to score on Reynold's easy grounder to VanFlandern. While Richards was being put out at home, Reynolds got

to third. Hosh hit to short. Arnold made a bad throw home in an attempt to catch Reynolds, and the runner was safe. S. J. C. scored three runs in their half of the fifth. Bach singled to right. Stoltz was safe at first on a grounder to third. Wessel hit safely. Wachendorfer and Welsh both sacrificed, scoring Bach and Stoltz. Wessel came home on a passed ball. Arnold struck out. No more scoring was done until the eight when Delphi made three runs and secured the game. Naron walked. Tharp was out on a foul to Stoltz. Mahappy hit to third and was safe on Welsh's poor throw to first. Campbell struck out. Haugh hit to VanFlandern who threw wild at home in an attempt to catch Naron at the plate. Capt. Reynolds now showed his good judgment by calling Wolf from the bench to bat for Campbell. Wolf looked easy, for he had two strikes on him, but after that he sent a fast one into left field, scoring Mahappy and Haugh, Richards was out from pitcher to first. S. J. C. tried hard to score in the eight and ninth but all hopes failed, because they could not hit Mahappy when hits meant runs. VanFlandern pitched a masterly game, and had it not been for his wildness in the first inning, the result might have been different. Braun played a star game at second. He made two catches of hard line drives that were of the sensational order. The line-up and summary follows:—

S. J. C.		Delphi.
Stoltz	c	Naron
VanFlandern	p	Mahappy
Wessel	1st	Tharp
Braun	2nd	Reynold
Welsh	3rd	Richards
Arnold	ss	Hosh
Hoerstmen	lf	Haugh
Bach	cf	Roberts
Wachendorfer	rf	Campbell

Two base hit—Arnold, Richards. Three base hit—Wachendorfer. Bases on balls—off VanFlandern, 5; off Mahappy, 1. Hit by pitched ball—by VanFlandern, 1; by Mahappy, 1. Struck out—by VanFlandern, 11; by Mahappy, 11. Time of game—1:30. Umpire—Jackson.

Sunday, May 24th, the Rensselaer base ball club played the S. J. C. team at Collegeville. The contest was a very ragged exhibition of the national game. The fielding especially was very poor, and, as a consequence, the number of errors was rather high. Rensselaer had some players of well known ability, but owing to a lack of team work, they could not put up a very good game. Monin started to pitch for S. J. C., but was not in good form, and retired after ten runs had been made off his delivery. VanFlandern succeeded him and pitched a good game, considering that he had a sore arm. Both teams batted well, and the spectators were treated with a genuine slug-ging match. The final score was 17 to 12 in favor of S. J. C. The score:

S. J. C. — 2 2 1 2 4 0 2 4 0—17

Rensselaer— 0 0 0 4 4 2 0 0 2—12

Two base hit—Wessel, 2, Stoltz, 2, Braun, Halpin, Rhoades. Three base hit—Stoltz. Bases on balls—off Rhoades, 3; off Monin, 3; off VanFlandern, 2. Struck out—by Rhoades, 8; by Monin, 4; by VanFlandern, 4. Time of game—2:00. Umpire—B. F. Fendig.

The St. Aquinos and St. Xaviers have met twice on the diamond since our last issue. The first game was won by the St. Xaviers by the score of 6 to 5. The score:

St. Xaviers — 0 0 0 2 0 2 0 0 2—6

St. Aquinos— 2 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1—5

The second game was won by the St. Aquinos by the score of 12 to 5. The game was called at the end of the seventh inning. The score.

St. Aquinos— 1 4 0 4 3 0 0—12

St. Xaviers — 2 2 0 0 1 0 0—5

The Victors and the second team of St. Xavier hall have also played two games during the past month. The Victors won the first by the score of

5 to 4. The features of this game were the pitching of Hildebrand, Fisher, and the fast work of Vincent Sibold at Short. The second game was won by the St. Xavier second team, the score being 20 to 17. Didier and Koenig formed the battery for the St. Xaviers team and aided them materially by their good batting.

E. A. WILLS, '03.

LOCALS.

Sockery Schneiblebecker's for fine hams.

Where did Camillus land? Ivo:—On his head.

Clarence Ready visited relatives at Chicago on June 1st.

Richard says a business that would *soot* anybody is chimney sweeping.

Wm. Fisher attended the First Mass of Rev. Lawrence Eberle '97, at Peru, Ind., on June 1st.

Tobey to Roman:—Did you ever break a horse? Roman:—No, but I have broken several wagons.

“Dot reminds me of the beautiful words of the poet wat sait.” Sockery Schneidlebecker.

“Tuts” says he would be a good pitcher if he only had better control, bigger curves and speedier balls.

Flavian to Student Herman:—What gender is hat?

Her:—Masculine.

Fl:—Well, what would be the feminine of hat?

Her:—A bonnet, to be sure.

The largest word in Webster's dictionary has a mile between the first and last letter, namely, the word smiles.

Wessel is quite interested in “Trap's” artistic work upon a large photo-card which bears the title “Cherry Pickers”.

Pete:—What is the reason that “Shorty” always falls after he stops a ball? Ready:—Why, he gets the swell-head and overbalances.

Willibald claims when he looks into a mirror he reflects without speaking. The contrary, however, takes place when he looks away from the mirror.

St. Joseph's Volunteers wish to express their gratitude to all those who have lent their assistance in the rendition of the Confederate Spy, May, 29. The Capt.

Student victor to Alfred:—What constitutes a good declamation?

Alfred:—A good ending.

Victor:—Perhaps a quick ending would be better.

Lately Lemper and Holthouse were out fishing. A rain having overtaken them, Holthouse went to fish under the arch of the bridge.

Lemper:—Why are you fishing there?

Holthouse:—Why don't you know the fish will be after crowding here to keep out of the wet.

Howard Muhler just after taking a sweet inhale burst forth in the following sublime soliloquy — “A few days shall pass, and then I shall stand beneath the vast extended and illuminated sky and gaze once more with a seraphic joy at the immense dome of our court-house at Ft. Wayne.”

Amandus missing his hat:—The person who inadvertently took my hat and left a weather beaten straw hat in its stead, will do me an infinite kindness by returning it, and he shall receive my warmest thanks and two apologies; an apology for the trouble I have given him, and an apology for the hat he has left me.

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made 95–100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90–95 per cent.

95–100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, E. Werling, E. Wills, E. Vurpillat, H. Hoerstman, J. Braun, P. Welsh, E. Cook, R. Goebel, B. Quell, J. Jones, J. Wessel, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, J. Bach, A. Lonsway, B. Wellman, W. Lieser, J. Diemert, E. Pryor, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. McCarthy, W. Meiering, H. Dahlinghaus, C. Sibold, W. Hanley, J. Lang, F. Boeke, C. Holthouse, J. Lemper, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, F. Mader, M. Schumacher, A. Bernard, E. Barnard, T. Hammes, H. Muhler, J. F. Sullivan, N. Keller, J. Smith, J. Naughton, V. Sibold, J. Hildebrand, H. Cooney, A. Bierkmeier, G. Jackson, E. Grimme.

90–95 PER CENT.

J. A. Sullivan, E. Freiburger, J. Bryan, T. Alles, P. Thom, R. Ottke.

CLASS WORK.

AVERAGE OF LAST THREE MONTHS.

90–100 PER CENT.

W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, R. Stoltz, E. Wills, A. Schuette, R. Goebel, I. Wagner, R. Halpin, J. Steinbrunner, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, E. Pryor, C. Holthouse, J. Bach, R. Rath, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, J. Lemper, J. Freiburger, W. Hanley, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Baczkowski, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, A. Delaney, F. Boeke, H. Froning, A. Knapke, B. Huelsman, C. Koeters, W. Flaherty, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, B. Wellman, A. Barnard, V. Meagher, C. Grube, W. Scheidler, M. O'Connor, C. Fisher, J. Collins, O. Hentges, F. Mader, H. Cooney, M. Koester, A. Koenig, P. Welsh, E. Flaig, R. Schwieterman, L. Monahan, W. Lieser, J. Burke, R. Ottke, J. Ramp, L. Flory.

84–90 PER CENT.

C. VanFlandern, E. Werling, L. Huber, J. Wessel, J. Braun, B. Alt, G. Arnold, E. Vurpillat, R. Bremerkamp, T. Alles, B. Quell, E. Hauk, J. F. Sullivan, Jos. Dabbelt, A. Schaefer, M. Shea, J. Diemert, C. Sibold, B. Holler, A. McGill, F. Didier, J. Becker, J. McCarthy, J. Smith, J. Bryan, J. O'Connell, J. Naughton, P. Thom, M. Schumacher, W. Meiering, J. Hildebrand, J. Jones, P. Carlos, H. Heim, J. Lang, C. Ready, F. Maley.



BETWEEN

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Monon Route TIME TABLE

In Effect June 2, 1901.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 4—Mail daily - - 4:30 am
No. 40—Milk accomodation 7:30 am
No. 32—Fast Mail - - 9:55 am
No. 6—Mail and Express 3:30 pm
No. 30—Mail daily - - 6:32 pm
No. 46—Local freight - 9:55 am

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 31—Fast Mail - - 4:49 am
No. 5—Louisville Mail 10:55 am
No. 33—Indianapolis Mail 1:46 pm
No. 39—Milk accom - 6:15 pm
No. 3—Louisville Ex - 11:25 pm
No. 45—Local freight - 2:40 pm

Train No. 5 has Through Coach for Indianapolis and Cincinnati via Roachdale.

No. 33 Makes connection at Monon with Train No. 11 for points South to Bloomington.

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